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not represented. J. Francis Murphy is better than ever in his sweet, airy transcripts of nature, which seem to breathe the very scent of the hillside and meadow he loves so well and paints so tenderly. And there is Thomas Moran, a painter of the grander things in nature; but—with all his love for brilliant color and daring effects, after the manner of his beloved Turner—he is ever refined in execution and unsensational in device, which could not truthfully be said of his famous master. Characteristically good work is also sent by the Smillies, Colman, Gifford, Platt, Ranger, Seavey, Van Elten, Crane, Cropsey, C. H. Eaton, Farrer and Minor, of which lack of space prevents mention in detail. The comic pictures by Thomas Worth and J. H. Moser are out of place. So is such a performance as "Ronda" (211), by Harry Fenn, with its labored pencil-drawing over the color.

The flower pieces show plenty of strong work. The good influence of Miss Greator is evident. Sometimes, however, it seems overstrained—witness "A Bit of Sunshine," by Helen E. Robie, an odd bit of impressionism. "Roses" (715), by Lavinia Steele Kellogg, are sweetly painted, and with a free and expert hand. Striking pictures in the Corridor are the "Tulips" of Julia Dillon, "Sweet Williams," by Agnes D. Abbott, and a charming panel of roses, by James C. Lambdin. A clever little study of "Apples," by Charles C. Curran, is unmercifully "floored."

It should be noted that the public is indebted to Messrs. Tiffany and Nicoll for the simple though adequate decorations of the galleries.

The catalogue is perhaps the best that has been brought out by the Society. Printing, paper, and the process illustrations alike are good. Indeed, many of the drawings are so excellent that we regret that pressure on our space prevents us reproducing them more freely than we have done, for the benefit of out-of-town readers. The Catalogue Committee are Messrs. Church, Weldon and Farrer. The last-named charming draughtsman has, from modesty perhaps, refrained from illustrating any of his own excellent work.

#### THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB EXHIBITION.

WE turn from the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society to that of the New York Etching Club with a zest by no means impaired by the contrast suggested by a display of monochrome; for we know that we now enter the "palace of truth," where no imperfection of the artist can be concealed. Here the idle or the incompetent who hides his shortcomings under the kindly cloudings of body-color finds no comfort. The copper-plate is a mirror which reflects all blunders of execution, and is as remorseless as the electric light to a faded belle, in its cruel exposure of any artificial adjuncts of paint and powder. Woe to the unskilled or timid draughtsman who courts its favor!

Our strong American etchers are well represented, and, thanks to an admirably illustrated catalogue—the best yet produced by the club—some of the most charming examples in the exhibition are adequately reproduced, albeit in miniature, between its ample covers. Here are Thomas Moran's "Communi-paw," a veritable gem, bold and masterly, without a superfluous line or dot; Peter Moran's excellent cattle piece, "The Down at York Harbor, Me.," Henry Farrer's very sweet "Autumn's Gray and Melancholy," F. S. Church's "cute" little mermaid resting on the sands, and wishing "Good-Morning" to a friendly sea-gull—a charming fancy, charmingly carried out; Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran's vigorous "Hook Pond, Easthampton," J. C. Nicoll's "Fishing Village," a cloudless marine view; J. A. S. Monks's somewhat too shadowy sheep; and "A Fresh Breeze from the Sea," by Walter Satterlee, showing a little maid standing on a cliff, holding on vigorously to her hat. The last-named print is much better than Mr. Satterlee's "Good-By, Summer," in the exhibition, which is poetically conceived, but wretchedly executed, the defects being emphasized by the very inartistic device of correcting them in the print with touches of Chinese white.

S. J. Ferris has a sympathetic reproduction of the painting "Nydia" by the late George Fuller, and Belin Dollin an etching of Millet's "Shepherdess," which looks like an etching "after" an etching, instead of after the painting. Blanche Dillaye, of Philadelphia, in several vigorous prints shows much of the talent of her sister of the needle, Mrs. Moran. A charming little work, by J. M. Falconer, of Brooklyn, is "Twilight near

the Catskills." Hamilton Hamilton etches that capital bit of genre by Mr. Smedley, "Between Two Fires"—a country lout seated between a pair of rollicking, mischievous lasses. His print "Will they Consent?"—a comely young woman in a well-rendered quilted petticoat—is better executed in parts than as a whole. By the way, is not this the identical lady, quilted petticoat and all, who, under the title, "Waiting for the Cue," was so unjustly refused admission to the Water Color Society's Exhibition in 1882? Assuredly it is, and see how the whirligig of time brings in its revenges! She gets in at last in the same building with the more favored damsels of the Water Color Society, by the simple and womanly device of merely changing her name. Among several carefully executed examples by J. Wells Champney is a very pleasing "Psyche," containing much delicate dry-point work.

An unusually large number of French and English etchers are represented in the exhibition; but none of their prints exceed in power the splendid work of the great Belgian, Van Gravesande, who is seen here in several admirable examples, some of which are noticed on another page of the magazine.

#### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO BOSTON ARCHITECTURE—THE "FALLOW PERIOD IN AMERICAN ART"—PICKNELL AND THE FRENCH LANDSCAPE SCHOOL—THE PAINT AND CLAY CLUB.

BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1885.

SINCE my letter on "Beautiful Boston," so eminent an "arbiter elegantiarum" as Mr. Edmund Gosse, of London, has confirmed our complacency over the architectural attractiveness of new Boston. Perhaps as kindness and cleverness are so happily mixed in his critical faculty, he has simply divined, with characteristic penetration and precision, what would be likely to be most pleasing to us, and has given it to us in return for the really unstinted hospitality with which he was received here by all classes. In his farewell "interview" in New York, he makes much, as I have done in this correspondence, of our individual characterization of city houses and homes, our free but tasteful departures from conventionality, and also from uniformity. I fancy this is what gives Boston such vogue among artists and others of travelled taste who come among us. An art-working American couple just settled here after several years' residence in Paris, Venice and Florence, pronounce Boston the most beautiful city they have seen. So does a young American painter just returned from Munich—barring his own native city of Detroit! So does a young gentleman (without any reserves) who has been tramping through Europe, "taking-in" Spain, as a wandering student, with a guitar, for the past ten years. He declares that there is nothing in all the Old World to equal our Public Garden, with its pretty lake views and vistas, right in the heart of a city. We can stand a great deal of this sort of thing without becoming cloyed, or even questioning its propriety, notwithstanding that careful, anxious conscientiousness that Bostonians, according to Mr. Henry James, are accustomed to bring to bear on most things, and especially on things that are pleasant. Cutting as is much of Mr. James's characterization in "The Bostonians," he does something to reconcile us in his charming descriptions of the water surroundings of the city, and particularly in calling the broad shallow basin of the Charles River—miles of mud-flats one half the time—a lagoon. This completes our conviction that the view of Boston from across the milldam is really Venetian, with its campaniles and its gilded dome, "poised just in the right place," at the top of the graceful eminence crowded with the solid houses and homes of Beacon Hill!

The Boston Art Club's winter exhibition has been but so-so, as usual, and there is the usual complaint that New York painters have crowded out the local talent. The rejection of home production was by wholesale, and yet the residuum is nothing very exhilarating, nor is there anything worth special note by the New Yorkers. Perhaps it is because we have come in America to that period of development in taste and knowledge regarding art when we are no longer dazzled by the young men's feats of mere technique, while they have not reached the stage of producing works of weight and vital force—the older men, as a class, not maintaining their position under the advanced and advancing standards and requirements

of the day. If there be any originality, or deep thought, or real inspiration in painting, since Hunt and Fuller died, outside of landscape work, we have not seen it here in Boston. But many well-trained students and débutants are now coming on, and with the end of the long depression in the business world, and the advent of some golden sunshine from the picture-buying public, there may come a sudden end to this fallow period in American art.

Our Mr. Picknell's crowning success in London, where his landscape has been pronounced by the leading critics one of the things of special note in the exhibition, confirms the judgments and prophecies uttered frequently several years ago in this correspondence. The English critics recognize in him more of the fruits of that great school of landscape that has arisen in France, strangely enough, on the teaching and example of the English Constable. Strangely enough, too, this borrowed landscape school, as improved upon by French taste and technique, has become the best and most enduring of contemporary French art. After all its academic compositions, its Salon sensations, its Meissoniers and Bonnats have passed into the limbo of rococo and bric-à-brac, this landscape of Corot and Daubigny, of Troyon and Courbet, and their fellows, will hold out true, fresh and cheering to the heart. What wonder that the Boston taste for landscape painting, founded on this sound French school, is the one vital, positive, productive and distinctive tendency among our artists to-day! Brought hither and preached into amateurs and artists, dealers and connoisseurs, by Wm. M. Hunt and his fellow-students in France, of twenty and thirty years ago, it has flourished because it had good roots, and, so well planted, has been well watered by the genius of Hunt and the "poesie" of Mrs. Darrah and of Appleton Brown, the able and discreet exemplifications, of Foxcroft Cole, the sturdy, stalwart advocacy of Thomas Robinson, and the tender, sympathetic work of Enneking, of John B. Johnston in animal studies, and of Geo. S. Wasson in marines. Picknell has gone further and won more prominence, having stayed longer and later in France than any of these. Being the newest comer, he has the benefit of the latest development of the school, the ultra style of it, so to speak, which embodies the realism and naturalism (the "lucidity," as Matthew Arnold mildly and elegantly termed it), of everything in French art nowadays. The two most notable landscapes at the current Art Club exhibition are evidently inspired by this cult, the "Upland Rancho," of Stites, and the sunny, rough country-road of Childe Hassam. The former is one of the three paintings selected for the honor of purchase by the Club. Both are boldly, strongly, realistically true, frank and unconventional in their delineation of the facts of nature. The truth is poetry enough for these radicals of the new school. It is a healthy, manly, muscular kind of art, having the courage of its convictions, and must continue to flourish and exert a vitalizing influence when painting that mainly depends upon the inner consciousness of artists and the conventions and affectations of art shall go the way of all fashions. We are sure of this much of health and hope in Boston art: that the value of this modern French landscape art was very early appreciated here, and that the best and most successful artists among us to-day have been its apostles, and that it gains the brightest and most promising among the younger men and women for disciples.

One of the new and interesting events here is the appearance of young Copeland, the illustrator, as a water-color painter. His sketches are an endless succession of landscape subjects, and all are done with the deft drawing and clean handling of a skilful illustrator. There is a pleasure even in this, after all the muddle-moment that we put up with from the water-color people. In his hands, there does not seem to have been any need of trusting to the luck of the running of his colors; they went and stayed just where he wanted them to stand, whether he was painting a maze of autumn leaves or the murky, smoke-laden atmosphere hanging over a block of roofs and chimneys in a city square.

The Paint and Clay Club's exhibition will open too late for this letter. Here are gathered the readiest and smartest of our younger generation of artists, illustrators, sculptors and decorators—the nearest thing to Bohemia that Boston can ever boast—and their receptions and exhibitions in their garret (they have had the top floor of a business building given them rent free, by an art-loving landlord of a great city estate)—are always the gayest of the season.

GRETA.